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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



Designed for the Advancement of the Young.
President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.
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SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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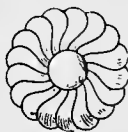
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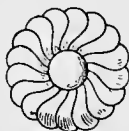
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It's nigh on twenty years ago,
Since last I handled that old bow—
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I don't mind tellin' 'bout it.

—Ballads of Life, page 13.

And the gate forever swinging made no grating, no
harsh ringing,
But melodious as the singing of one that we adore,
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a
mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me with glad word ever-
more.

—Ballads of Life, page 22.

Life's sweetest cup is mingled with bitterest drops
of gall,
And dreary, rainy days will come upon the paths of
all.

—Ballads of Life, page 54.

Great souls by eternal truth set free,
No longer in shackles bow;
The midnight has past, the jubilee
Has begun with the good time now.

—Ballads of Life, page 83.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts
are bealing low,
In a little while the Master will call for us to go.

—Ballads of Life, page 26.

What ails papa's mouth, said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl,
I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

—Ballads of Life, page 122.

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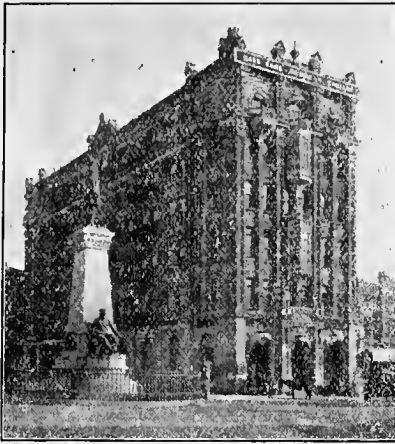
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VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1902.

No. 14.

A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

FROM November, 1840, until August, 1850, the writer was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Glasgow Conference, Scotland, having accepted the Gospel message as brought to that land by the late Apostle Orson Pratt. During the presidency of the late Eli B. Kelsey in that country, a conference was held in the Odd Fellows Hall, Trongate Street, Glasgow. It was the custom of the Scottish Saints in those days, after the adjournment of a conference, to get up a sociable, or soiree, as it was called, and with refreshments, songs, recitations, speeches, etc., have a good time together, and this occasion was no exception.

The evening after conference a large number of Saints and their friends assembled in the conference hall for this purpose. I had come in from the west to represent the Kilbirnie Branch of the Church. There was a family who once were members of that branch, but had moved to the vicinity of the city of Glasgow a few months previous for better employment, who at the time had a very sick boy, and when they learned that I was in Glasgow they sent

an urgent request that I would come and administer to him. I went as requested, and found the disease to be what was known by the people as "water in the head," and was in those days considered an incurable disease. The child's head and face were swollen beyond all human proportions, and he was truly a sad sight to look upon.

President Kelsey, in his remarks during the soiree, referred to the number of severe cases of sickness that were among the people, and said that before they separated and returned to their homes, he felt to bless them. He then with uplifted hands, said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the authority of the holy Melchisedek Priesthood, I bless you, my brethren and sisters, with the blessing of the healing of the sick that are now in your midst, and say unto you, in the name of the Lord, that if you will send for the Elders and have them administered to according to the word of the Lord to His Church, every one of them shall be healed and live—not one of them shall die." Continuing, he said it would be but a short time before a wave of cholera would pass over the land, and

many people would perish in its path, and that the Saints would not escape; "but," said he, "everyone who will send for the Elders shall be healed and live, and everyone who sends for a Gentile doctor will die. Write it down, ye presidents of branches, and tell it to your people."

All eyes were fastened upon the speaker, and the very stillness of death seemed to rest upon the entire assembly as those wonderful words of prophecy and warning fell upon their ears. I thought of the little sick boy I had been to see a short time before. There happened to be a little girl in the hall, sister to the father of the sick child, and as soon as Elder Kelsey ceased speaking I sprang from my seat and hastened to find her, and almost carried her from the building to the street, put her on a "buss" (omnibus) that passed near where her brother lived, and said to her, "Sarah, when you get off this buss, don't take time to walk, but run your very best to your brother's house, and if little John is still alive, tell his father from me to make haste and send for some of the Elders of the Church, and his child will be healed and live."

Little Sarah faithfully delivered the message, the Elders anointed the boy with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith saved the child, and the Lord raised him up, and he lived to become a man. The people returned to their homes with the spirit of the blessing in their hearts, and laid hold with much joy and faith in the word of the Lord and in the principles of the everlasting Gospel, so that their sick were made well, the blind received their sight, the deaf their hearing again, the dumb spake, and the lame leaped for joy and praised the Lord, and evil spirits were cast out, for the powers of darkness were present also.

One evening about this time, as I had returned from work, a little boy all out of breath, came rushing in, and said, "Brither P., ma father's awa fra hame an ma mither's awfu seeck an wants ye ta cum as fast as ye can." I said, "What is the matter with your mother, Jimmie?" "I dinna ken," was the reply; "but she's jist like to speel the waas" (climb the walls of the house). I hastened and went with the lad to his home, and on entering the house could see at a glance that no Daniel was required to interpret the cause of the trouble. As soon as I could get the lady quieted a little, I poured consecrated oil upon her head, and that without stint, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth rebuked the power that was rending her, when she was instantly released from his grasp, but sank down exhausted, limp and pale, more like one dead; indeed, for a few moments, it seemed as if she had actually passed away. But as I stood with bated breath and feelings more easily imagined than described, her lips moved and almost in a whisper said, "I want to sing." Knowing the lady to be a beautiful singer, and the relief to my feelings so great at hearing her voice again, I exclaimed with vehemence, "Sing on." She sang, low and sweet, like an echo from some far-off holy shrine, but in a strange tongue. The tune was new to me,—I had never heard it before, nor have I, to my knowledge, heard it since. She ceased singing, but in a moment or two resumed again in the same tune, but in her native tongue. The lady's husband was book agent for the branch, and a memorandum book and pencil lay close at hand. I snatched it up and caught the following words of the interpretation as the lady sang:

Ho, ye that are faithful and lift your warning voice,

For ye shall surely gathered be to the land of our God's choice;
 For He has known the best land, that flows with milk and wine.
 With the redeemed in Israel in glory ye shall shine.

Time rolled on, and, as predicted by Elder Kelsey, cholera surely came, and in the village where I resided was very severe, but did not continue long—a passing wave, according to the prediction.

The branch of the Church over which I had the watchcare, numbering some 135 or 140 members, took its full share of the terrible scourge, and the calls upon the Elders, both by day and in the night, were not few, nor very far between. But so great was the faith of the Saints in the promise that had been given, that on several occasions where young girls were brought home from factories where they were employed, thought to be dead, when the Elders anointed them with oil in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and rebuked the power of the destroyer, while the sisters circled around and wept and prayed, these young girls would arise praising the Lord, and in their great zeal return to their employment with those who, but a short time before, had carried them home for dead.

We mourned but one fatal case during that sore visitation—a family by the name of Smith—father, mother, and two sons, Joseph and Hyrum, named after the Prophet and Patriarch. The mother was a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the boys were with their mother; but the father, Mr. Smith, was very bitter against the principles of the Gospel. One day during the epidemic Sister Smith was taken very ill, but when administered to by the Elders, like all the others, was instantly healed and

resumed her household duties, preparing the evening meal for the family and partaking thereof in the usual way. Towards midnight of the same day she was taken ill again and requested her husband to wake up the boys, who were asleep in an upper chamber, and send them for the Elders. But instead of doing so, in a spirit of opposition, he stepped across the street from his own door and brought Dr. James Walker, who prescribed for the lady, and before any of her friends, or even her own children who were in the house, were aware of her second attack, she was dead. Thus, to our great sorrow and disappointment, a noble woman, a faithful Latter-day Saint, a loving and affectionate wife and fond mother, went down to a premature grave because her husband did, and would, contend against the truth of God.

The death of Sister Smith cast a gloom over the entire branch of the Church of which she was a member, for we all loved her. But it was a voice with no uncertain sound to all Saints who became acquainted with the circumstances, that when the Lord speaks through His divinely appointed servants, woe to that man or that woman who deliberately trifles therewith.

The Church continued to grow and the Saints to increase in the knowledge of the truth, and the power that was made manifest by the Elders through the anointing with oil and the prayer of faith in the name of Jesus Christ was simply marvelous. Not because of their great wisdom, or depth of knowledge, or years of experience, for a goodly number of them were young men—beardless youths with faces smooth as a girl's, but because of their great humility and unwavering trust in that God and Father who in His loving kindness had sent unto them the everlasting Gospel

of His dear Son through the instrumentality of His servant and prophet, Joseph Smith.

And all Saints of today full well know that the God of Joseph is, and has been through all the years, the God of the Saints. That He has not been slow to hear their prayers and their complaints; that His arm is not shortened, nor His power grown less; that in His own due time He will avenge the blood of Saints and of prophets that still cry from the ground against the ungodly; and that the blessings of the everlasting Gospel and Holy Priesthood which is after the order of the Son of God are enjoyed by the Church today in all their purity and power.

God grant that the inspiration of His Holy Spirit may rest upon the youth of Zion, that in pure and upright lives they may prove true and valiant for the faith which their fathers and mothers and kindred have maintained so bravely and

for which they have sacrificed so much; that their brave sons and daughters, the young men and the maidens of Israel, may be found worthy and prepared to enter into a fullness of the priceless glories that are the heritage of the children of Zion—the pure in heart. Amen.



But what of that once great man, Eli B. Kelsey? I say great; for he was my friend, and, to my certain knowledge, spake in the name of the Lord, and it was done according to his word. Yes, what of him?—what of him? In an evil hour, in a dark, unguarded moment, he sinned against light and knowledge, fell, died, and went down to his grave in rebellion against that God who had so wonderfully honored and blest him, and against that Church and that people he so often had so ably and so nobly defended.

Hamilton G. Park.



PORT SAID TO CAIRO.

COMING from Palestine we entered Egypt at Port Said—the port of the Suez canal. This, a city of 40,000 people, is younger than Salt Lake City, having been created through the building of the great Suez canal, which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. To make an entrance for ships into the canal they have constructed an artificial harbor, with two breakwaters, each about a mile and a half long. These breakwaters are constructed of artificial rock, made from the dredgings of the canal and lime brought

from France. There is a lighthouse one hundred and eighty feet high, with an electric light that can be seen for quite a distance. On entering the harbor we found quite a number of large steamers of different nationalities, but those flying the English flag were about as many as all the others put together.

This city in the way that it is laid out sharply contrasts with the narrow, crooked streets of the cities of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, it having wide, straight streets, some of them being as wide as those of Salt Lake City.

The people of this place are of very many nationalities, although the language spoken is Arabic. It has the off-scouring of many lands, and is full of eastern sailors and those connected with shipping, and has the name of being the wickedest town in the world. In this city the money of nearly every country passes current, and in the shops English, French, German, Austrian and other money besides the Egyptian is freely received. A great many steamers buy their coal here, which is all loaded by hand. It is quite a sight to see the coal as it passes in buckets with astounding rapidity by a never ending chain of workers. So that large steamers needing many hundred tons of coal can receive the amount they need in a couple of hours. Besides the great ship canal here, in which the water is sea water, there is the sweet water canal, which conveys some of the waters of the Nile to Port Said, and which is used principally for domestic purposes and to irrigate trees, etc.

We take the railroad at Port Said for Cairo, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles: The railroad follows the canal through the desert for quite a distance, and we see the magnitude of the canal and the amount of dredging it takes to keep it open. Immense dredges are continually at work, for the canal is two hundred to three hundred feet wide, and a channel nearly forty feet deep has to be ready for the passage of the largest ships, and as the winds of the desert are continually blowing the sand, they have plenty to do.

We leave the Suez canal at Ismailia, also a new town, built on the desert and supported by the canal traffic. The desert around here was once the land of Goshen, but the cultivated lands must have extended further in this direction during the days of the Pharaohs. Joseph,

on the arrival of his brothers in the land of Egypt, said to them: "And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there I will nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine;) lest thou and thy household, and all that thou hast come to poverty." (Gen. 45: 10, 11).

After leaving Ismailia we soon come into the delta of the Nile, passing in sight of the battlefield of Tel-el-Keber, where the English defeated Arabi Pasha in 1882, since which time England has had control of Egypt. The Khedive, though having theoretically the power and privileges of an eastern despot, is merely a puppet under the English resident, who gives him instructions as to what he shall do, which he dares not disobey.

Near Tel-el-Keber is Tel-el-Maskhuta, thought to be Pithom, one of the treasure cities built by the Israelites for the Pharaoh who lived a little before the time of Moses, and mentioned in Exodus. Here also was found a stone tablet of Ptolemy Philadelphus, of B. C. 286, which affords much information about the history of Egypt at that time and which we afterwards saw in the museum at Ghizeh. This Ptolemy Philadelphus caused the Old Testament to be translated from Hebrew into Greek, and this version is what is called the Septuagint version, from the seventy Jewish rabbis who worked in the translation, Septuaginta being Latin for seventy. This Greek version of the Old Testament was used in Palestine during the days of our Savior.

The country of the delta of the Nile is beautiful in its verdure. It is a flat plain, of which every foot is cultivated, and is under a system of irrigation with



WATER CARRIERS OF THE NILE.

large canals every short distance. As the lands are a few feet higher than the water, pumps are necessary to raise the water upon the surface of the land. The pumps and the power to operate them are of varied kinds—there are large steam centrifugal pumps of the best English makers, pumping what seem to be little rivers;—there are donkeys and camels turning a wooden wheel pump, the pattern of which was probably invented before the days of Joseph; there are men using the well sweep pole and bucket arrangement; there are others who work two together throwing out water with a straw basket, working with a regular rhythm and furnishing a far larger stream than you would expect; and there are many other ways. Everybody seems to be at work, and the people compared with those of Asiatic Turkey seem to be very well off. There are a few trees, but not very many, but of tree products oranges and dates are plentiful and cheap. A great many of the oranges are of the mandarin kind, and are of a variety in which the rind of the orange and the orange itself are merely attached at two points, and by a slight squeeze of the hand the orange and rind separate. This is a land where they raise three crops a year, wheat and barley being grown in the winter, and I doubt if there are any more fertile lands under the sun than what can be found here. In this respect I was amused by an English gentleman, a tourist, whom I met at the Pyramids a few days afterwards. Among other things, I spoke of the fertility of the land; the gentleman, however, was full of pride of England, and could not see anything but through English eyes. He said: He did not think they could raise any good corn (by corn meaning wheat), though they might raise some maze (Indian corn) and that kind of stuff. Cotton, flax, coffee, indi-

go, lucern, many plants of the bean and pea family, or which we have no English common names, and all kinds of garden vegetables, many of them peculiar to the country, are grown.

We find the children of Israel in Numbers 11: 5, longing, in addition to the flesh pots of Egypt, for the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic of that land, and they are as plentiful now, I suppose, as they were at that time. Egypt was always an irrigated country, as we read in Deuteronomy, "That the land thou goest to possess is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowest thy seed and watereth it, but the land whither ye go to possess is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

The dress of the people is somewhat similar to that of Turkey, being loose flowing garments both for men and women, and not like the tight-fitting clothes of Europeans. The women wear wide, loose overalls drawn in at the waist and above the ankles, then a wrapper arrangement with hanging sleeves laced from girdle to bosom, and a loose shawl is tied around the waist. The head dress is a tight-fitting cap with a handkerchief tied around it. On each side of the face hangs a long lock of hair. The veil here is different from the country north, as the women expose their eyes, which they do not do in many other Mohammedan lands, the veil being a strip of embroidered muslin or silk reaching from the eyes to the waist or even to the feet, and you can distinguish one lady from another, which you cannot do among the Mohammedans in places in Asia Minor or Syria, where you cannot tell a young lady of fifteen from a lady of fifty while passing her on the street. Many of the Egyptian women wear a large crown of gold, and

I am told that they have become far more common of late years since the country has seen much prosperity.

Among the men, although the red fez is worn as a head covering by some, turbans, which are very large, are worn

by most of them. The outer dress of the men is the loose dressing gown looking garment with wide shawl sash, so much worn in eastern countries.

Thomas P. Page.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



EGYPTIAN LADY OF THE UPPER CLASS.

SECTARIAN RITUAL.



CCASIONALLY we hear reference made to the forms of ritual in the Catholic church and in the Church of England, the forms used in each being very similar, but as the youth of the Latter-day Saints, born and reared in Utah, taken as a whole, have but a vague idea of what these forms are, a brief outline may not be uninteresting.

As the pope of Rome is the head of the Roman Catholic faith, the king is the head of the Church of England, and so recognized, as that faith is the "state" religion of that nation. King Henry VIII was its founder when he withdrew from the Roman Catholic church through disagreement with the pope regarding his matrimonial affairs. Since his time every sovereign has been the recognized head, excepting Queen Mary, his daughter, who went back to Catholicism and in her fanatical zeal for that faith put to death very many of her subjects who still clung to the Protestant belief; a monument in Canterbury shows the spot where forty-three Kentish people were burned on this account and that is only one of a number of such places. Since Queen Elizabeth's time, (she succeeding Mary) the Protestant church of England has been the legally known and "established church" and no other faith can be followed by the monarch who is, by virtue of his office as king, also head of the church. Consequently all bishops and leading prelates are by his appointment, the lesser clergy being appointed by the bishops.

These clergy all receive salaries regulated according to the position held. The spiritual head of the Church of England is the archbishop of Canterbury, who is known as the "Primate of all England." He ranks any member of the nobility and is the person who places

the crown on the king's head on coronation day, this being his privilege specially. He receives a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, with two large residences at his disposal, one in Canterbury near the cathedral and one in London. Both of these are very elegant and immense places. The archbishop of York comes next in authority to the archbishop of Canterbury, these two being the only two archbishops in the church. His salary is fifty thousand dollars a year, with one or two residences also. Then the bishop of London gets fifty thousand dollars a year, with a residence, and other bishops range from that down to about fifteen thousand dollars per year, the lesser clergy, of course, going down till some receive but a few hundred. These amounts are maintained by what are called "voluntary contributions," the seats or pews in the churches being regularly rented to their occupants, and then at each service, a collection is taken up also. The total of these contributions in the year 1900 in the whole Church of England was over thirty-eight million dollars, which is of course, an immense revenue.

The churches are equipped with elaborately furnished altars, on which are images of the Savior and crucifixion, and around which are gorgeous candlesticks with lighted tapers. The minister wears a decorated white gown, with wide, flowing sleeves, with red or black trimmings according to his order. The "curate" or assistant minister, is also much similarly dressed. All the choir members wear white gowns, with black trimming usually, and in nearly all cases the singers are boys ranging from about ten years old on up to twenty or more. Everything around where the pulpit and

altar are is trimmed as elaborately as the church funds will admit of.

Much of the service is read from the Church of England printed prayer-book and is said or sung by the choir and congregation, the same thing, or very nearly so, on each Sabbath. Then the minister preaches his sermon from written copy, as a rule, or at least from copious notes. This is done, so it is contended, that no incorrect doctrine gets out, as these sermons can always be looked over by the bishop, if necessary.

One day I attended services in Canterbury Cathedral and saw the archbishop come in, in state. In that cathedral he occupies what is known as his throne, a canopied-top, richly furnished pulpit, used by himself only. He was preceded by two men bearing sceptres; one about ten feet ahead of him with a white, gold topped sceptre, the other directly preceding him with a heavy, gold-covered sceptre, and he was followed by the dean of the cathedral, a leading prelate, and two attendants. He was attired in such a gown as I have described, white flowing robes with wide sleeves richly decorated and trimmed with red and black. Then he marched to his pulpit. After the opening singing and praying exercises, which occupied nearly forty minutes, he gave a discourse lasting thirty minutes (which time, it is said, he never exceeds) in which he reviewed the events of the nineteenth century, just closed, and spoke of what might be looked for in the coming twentieth century. In his discourse he spoke of prophecy and revelation. He said "men speak of prophecy but no man can say what will occur on tomorrow of himself, and men can predict future events only as they judge of the past and conclude that the past, to a certain degree, will repeat itself. Men draw deductions in this way and call it prophecy. Others speak of

revelation. God marked out the methods for the fulfillment of His purposes, and worked upon men as a whole, and they were instruments in His hands unknown to themselves in carrying out His will. This was the spirit of revelation working in man and the Lord did not work through one man to direct others but worked on all through His Spirit according as he designed each necessary to accomplish His purposes." These were his views on these important principles, showing that revelation and prophecy were in his judgment, really things of the past. Taking this from him as spiritual head of the Church of England, the one, of all others who is authority for the doctrine of that faith it can readily be seen how much they lack in a true knowledge and comprehension of these principles. One feels in entering these churches how greatly defective they are in the real life and light of the Spirit.

The ritual forms are undoubtedly maintained to impress those who attend with the necessity of being solemn and to arouse sacred feelings artificially, if in no other way possible. In France, at the Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, they have what they claim to be, the crown of thorns worn by Jesus when crucified, and a nail and piece of wood taken from the cross. These they show, on certain days to visitors, who kneel before the altar and bow to them. Each is encased in a gold, glass-covered case and carried by a priest. This is done to arouse the attention of worshippers and aid in holding them to the Catholic faith as the true faith. The priests act as if they expected those who see these things to believe them to be genuine. Going away with such feelings they naturally have reverence for the church which contains them, and want to go there again, in many instances.

There are many people, however, in the Church of England, who do not approve of the ritualistic forms which are so greatly increasing as to nearly, or quite equal Catholicism and they are consequently withdrawing and allying themselves with the Congregationalists or elsewhere. Others again are aiming to have the ritual so increased as to ultimately make one with the Catholic, if not in one church then as two churches, one equal with the other and both as the church of Christ. These are known as Anglo-Catholics. In brief, despite the increased ritual, there is an underlying feeling growing that is not satisfied with the faith, yet the people are so

set in their belief that nothing outside is considered worthy of notice. There are some Church of England churches which celebrate mass and have confessional boxes similar to the Catholics. This shows the tendency. The time evidently, is not far distant when a revolution in religious sentiment, in a greater or less degree, will occur in Great Britain. There are thousands beyond the reach of our Elders, at present, but the Lord knows how to arrange these things and despite elaborate ritual or what not, when His time comes these things will change and all will be given the privilege of hearing the true Gospel.

W. B. Dougall.



A TESTIMONY.

THERE are many important and wonderful things connected with the Gospel which do not receive the attention of the young members of the Church that they deserve. An earnest study of the principles, and of the many results of obedience to them would greatly strengthen our faith in the divine work which our heavenly Father has revealed through His servant Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the latter-days. The exercise of our reasoning powers, though necessary, is not always sufficient: a more perfect conviction is accomplished when what we hear and read is endorsed by actual experience.

I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the last day of the year 1848, and on the 25th day of April, 1851, I left Glasgow,

Scotland, on a mission to the north of England, having been called by Elder George B. Wallace. Three other Elders were called at the same time, two of them—Elders Fulton and McMillan—to labor in the same conference as myself. The old city of Carlisle was the headquarters. There, by invitation of the Saints, I visited for a few days, and I then went to the town of Workington on the coast of Cumberland. My two prospective fellow-laborers were to work in Cockermouth, a town eight miles inland from Workington, and in Whitehaven, a large place on the coast. I had traveled part way from home by rail; the other brethren walked the entire distance and were about two weeks later in reaching their destination. When they arrived at Workington they had

some strange things to tell. Taking me into their confidence they related that evil influences operated upon them as they journeyed on their way, and during several nights the powers of darkness afflicted them in many ways and, on one occasion, at night, actually lifted one over the other, and it was with difficulty that they could keep themselves in bed. While relating their experience they were terribly in earnest, but I confess that I could not enter into their feelings to fully satisfy them.

I could hardly conceive such wonderful manifestations as they described, though I had read of similar experiences endured in Preston, England, by several of the Elders who first visited Great Britain. I had heard Saints speak in strange tongues, and interpretations given, also had seen people healed, all by the power of God, but to find myself in company with men who had wrestled with evil spirits a few nights before, was rather more than my limited experience had prepared me to appreciate.

Weeks passed. I was filling up the time circulating tracts, preaching on the streets and holding conversations anywhere. There never had been a member of our Church in the town, as far as known, until my advent. I had no money and no relatives able to send me any, so I had to trust in the Lord and to work diligently with the hope of finding a friendly invitation to partake of food which happened only semi-occasionally, but notwithstanding the inconveniences I had joy in my labors, and in a short time several persons applied for baptism. One evening it was decided that on the night following, three converts should be baptized. On the night this arrangement was made I retired about half past ten and lay down in bed pondering over my gratifying prospects with thankfulness to the Lord, but I had been lying down

only a few moments when I felt a strange influence in the room. On looking around I discerned a dark object in a corner most distant from my bed. I had but time to notice this when I discovered that it was moving toward me. It appeared to be the size of an ordinary man in loose raiment, although the outline was not very distinct. This was seen at a glance, but no one without a similar experience can tell the effect of such a spectacle upon the human mind. I understood at once that it was an evil spirit, and the testimony of Elders Fulton and McMillan flashed through my mind, the spirit moved as fast as a man usually walks until it bent over me. I was for a moment paralyzed, but felt a heavy pressure on and around the crown of my head, and immediately the undiminished pressure extended all over my head, neck, arms and body in every part. The pressure was intense, but by this time I remembered my privilege as a servant of the Lord and I speedily rebuked in words something like the following: "O God, as Thy servant, I rebuke this evil spirit that has taken possession of my body, and I command it to depart, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen." I was in a hurry and my readers will notice that I omitted a very important part of such a prayer.

I was not relieved, and with that conviction came a correction. God is our Father, Jesus Christ is His Son through whom all our blessings are obtained, and our great friend and mediator with the Father, while the Priesthood is in power through all eternity in accomplishing the purposes of Deity. I was disappointed but had regained steadiness of thought, and the excitement had measurably passed away, and I deliberately repeated the above prayer in substance including the words by the authority and power of the Holy Priesthood." When these

words were spoken instantly the pressure gave way from my feet and gradually from my whole body ending where the pressure began, when the figure moved off as it came and disappeared. This strange occurrence took place in a very brief space of time, although I have taken sufficient time to relate it. I have

always believed in the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and all its doctrines since I have learned them, but this great lesson of my life enabled me to say with redoubled assurance I know there is power in the Priesthood.

William Budge.



SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

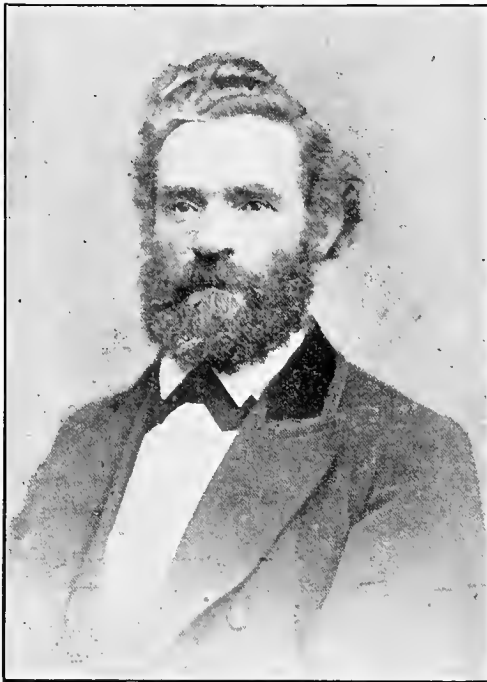
THOMAS DURHAM.

THOMAS DURHAM is the eldest son of John and Isabella Thompson Durham. He was born on May 2, 1828, at Oldham, Lancashire, England. At the age of twelve years he went to study vocal music under Professor William Farrington of Stalybridge. In the winter of 1846-7, the leader of the choir in the branch of the Church which Brother Durham visited emigrated, which left the Saints without a chorister. The president invited Brother Durham to take charge of the choir, which he did, though not a member of the Church at that time. It was not until the first of May, 1849, that he was baptized. In the winter of 1852 he received a blessing under the hands of Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock, in which he was told that he should be blessed with the visitation of heavenly beings who should reveal music to him in his dreams, and that he should remember that music and write it and sing it in the congregations of the Saints and in the temples of the Most High. He has seen this remarkable prediction all come to pass, having had seven tunes revealed to him

while asleep, and has written them and arranged them for the use of his choir in Parowan.

On the 23rd of May, 1856, Brother Durham sailed from Liverpool for Boston, arriving at that port on June 30th. There he took the cars for Iowa City, which place he reached July 6th. Here he and others took up their march, pulling their hand carts across the State of Iowa to the Missouri river. They left Florence as a hand cart company about the middle of August. Elder Edward Martin was their captain, and they arrived in Salt Lake City, Sunday, November 30th. Brother Durham started for Parowan by wagon December 2nd, arriving there on the 12th. The Bishop called upon him the same evening, bid him welcome and gave him an invitation to take charge of the choir. This Brother Durham did on Sunday the 14th of December, 1856 and he has had the charge of it ever since, making him, as we believe, the oldest active choir leader in Zion. In 1857 he organized a brass band and led the same for over thirty years. In May, 1870, President

Brigham Young passed through Parowan and invited him to take the choir to the October general conference of the Church, which he did, and they had the honor of singing before General W. T. Sherman. In 1872, at the request of President Young they again attended the October conference and took part in the services. In November, 1885, during the crusade, Brother Durham had to leave his home as many others had to do. He went to Elsinore, Sevier County, and on the Sunday following his arrival,



THOMAS DURHAM.

at the request of the Bishop he took charge of the choir there. As the former chorister had resigned he was just the man they were then needing. A few months later he organized a brass band and taught them. He worked with the different organizations, helping them in their musical exercises whenever they needed help, and felt thankful that he could be of some use though in exile.

When the way opened (though it was a sad opening as the wife of his youth died while in exile) he returned to his former home in Parowan, and took up his old position as musical director. Brother Durham's labors in Parowan have not been confined to the choir alone, but have extended to the brass band, the orchestra, the Sunday School, the Y. M. and Y. L. A., the Primary, in fact, anywhere where music was needed, in all of which labors he took great pleasure and worked for the love of the cause, and now in his seventy-fifth year he is still working actively, and still has charge of the choir.

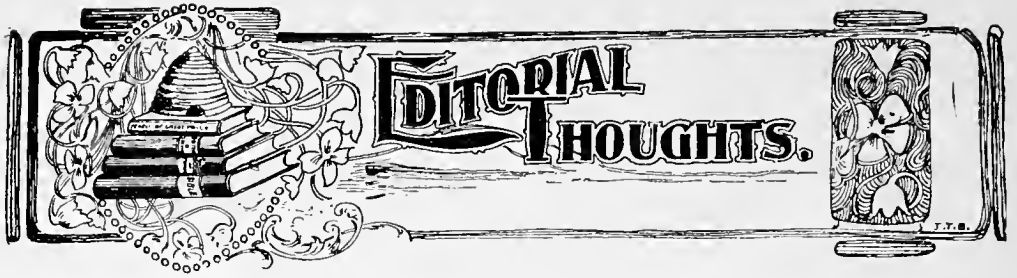
The following statement by Brother Durham how in one instance, at Parowan, the promise of Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock was fulfilled, will, we believe, be interesting to our readers:

"I dreamed I was standing at the head of a large river which ran due west. There was a neck of land about eight rods long and about two rods wide; and I was looking down the river, as I thought, for some of our folks to come up the river. The sun was nearly down and I was alone. The country was heavily timbered behind me. All at once I heard a rustling in the underbrush; I turned and saw an Indian coming toward me. He resembled a Navajo Indian. I looked west again, and saw a blanket floating on the water at my right hand, and then two men stepped down to the water's edge to get this blanket, and a pony came out from under it. By this time the Indian had reached the animal and he laid his hands on its neck and led it out of the water. I smiled and thought that that was the way they tamed their ponies. At this time I heard another rustling behind me. I looked and saw about thirty more Indians coming toward me. They came to where I was standing and formed a

circle. The old chief stood on the east side, and on his left was a young man with a rifle in his hand, and on the west of the circle was a young man with a brass horn in his hand. When the circle was formed the chief pointed his finger at the one with the horn, who stepped out and walked down to the edge of the water to the west end of the neck of land and played a tune, which I heard. He missed the two high notes in the latter part of the tune, but I seemed to know what he was trying to get. Then he came back and took his place in the circle. The chief then motioned to the Indian with the rifle,

and he went down to the same place and fired his rifle. I awoke and lay thinking whether to get out of bed and go to the organ and play it, for I knew then that I should not forget it, but as I lay I fell asleep again and I heard the same tune repeated on a horn and I again awoke. It was then just breaking day, so I arose and went immediately to the organ and played it over. My family wondered what was the matter, until I explained the circumstance to them. I afterwards wrote it and arranged it for the choir, and it is quite a favorite here—we sing it to the hymn "O My Father." It is as follows:





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BAPTISMAL FONTS.



THE practice of administering the Sacrament of the Lord's supper to the children of the Sabbath Schools is generally observed throughout the entire Church. The children are entitled to the Sacrament by reason of the fact that they have not reached the years of accountability, and are not, therefore, under the same divine responsibility that falls upon them when they have attained the eighth year of their age. Sunday School authorities have, therefore, been asked to urge upon the children the necessity of baptism as soon as possible after they reach the age of accountability; and in order that the children may feel the importance of baptism as soon as they are entitled to it, instruction is given both

in a general way to the school and also in the classes.

Parents are to be commended who take proper measures to prepare their children for baptism on their eighth birthday, or as soon thereafter as possible. There has grown up, however, much carelessness among the Saints in regard to the baptism of their children, who often do not receive this ordinance for six months or a year after they are entitled to it. Children may very naturally ask, therefore, if it may be postponed indifferently for two months, why may it not also be postponed six or even twelve months.

It is much more in conformity with the rules of the Church and its discipline for children, as they reach the age of eight years, to be baptized in order that they may be fully entitled to the privileges of the Sacrament. Where the child is not responsible, it has not been the practice to withhold the Sacrament from him, and yet it is much more desirable that he be baptized before partaking of the Sacrament after he has reached his eighth year. The subject of baptism should be discussed in the homes that children may look forward to it in the spirit and feeling of satisfaction and duty. The ordinance is a most important event in the child's life, and if the child is made to feel that importance, the ordinance will have a greater effect and the solemnity of the occasion will be impressed upon the youthful mind.

The most common reason for postponing the ordinance of baptism is the

inclemency of the weather during the winter season. There are perhaps not more than three or four months of the year when the temperature of the water in our streams makes the ordinance comfortable. Conditions, however, are changing so rapidly that baptismal fonts can be constructed without very great expense, and they are much to be preferred, even during the summer season over the common practice of baptizing in the open streams. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when every town of any considerable size will have its baptismal font, and where there are small towns within a distance of from six to ten miles, a font might be very properly located at a central place for the accommodation of all. Proper

dressings rooms can be arranged and conveniences may be had for the performance of the ordinance. Various devices may be arranged for the heating of water and the general comfort of the children who receive the ordinance and of the parents whose duty it is to give it their personal attention. If baptismal fonts were generally provided throughout the settlements of the Church, a day could be set apart each month for the baptism of children.

The Saints are earnestly advised to give this matter their attention, and it is to be hoped that the authorities in every stake will realize the growing necessity of baptismal fonts and construct them at their earliest possible convenience.

Joseph F. Smith.



MIRACLES IN THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

IN days of old, when Jesus walked and talked with men, He performed many wonderful works. In His instructions to His disciples, just previous to leaving them, to be with His Father, He commissioned them to preach the Gospel. He also told them of the signs that should follow the believer, which St. Mark records in the 16th chapter.

"They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

In holy writ we are also told that the prayer of faith shall heal the sick. These precious promises have been renewed in our day. If any are sick among you let them call in the Elders of the Church, who shall anoint them with oil, and they shall be healed; but if they have not

sufficient faith, we are told how to nurse them. Then the Lord says, "if they live they live unto me, and if they die, they die unto me."

Here in Zion we have frequently seen the fulfillment of these promises. The missionaries abroad in the world have also proven the Lord, that He keeps His word, and many have been raised up from beds of affliction. The lame have walked, the blind have had their sight restored, and the deaf have been made glad that they could hear.

While in the great city of London, during my missionary labors in Great Britain, an experience of the goodness of God and His power made manifest came to me, to bless and sustain me, through some of the sad hours that

come to most of us who leave home and loved ones to labor in the vineyard. Only a few days previously a letter had arrived telling me that a dear grandchild had passed to a better world, and of the illness of his mother.

This had been followed by still others, which informed me that my son was very ill, in fact lying at the point of death. The assurance, however, was given, that should he be worse they would let me know, with the injunction, "not to come yet." My heart was rent with anguish that my children should be in such a sore distress, yet still the desire was strong to remain and fill an honorable mission.

I prayed that I might not disappoint myself, neither those who had sent me forth. The late President Platte D. Lyman, in reply to my letter in which I told him of my griefs, said, "Leave your field for a little while, go up to London and rest, if you can stay we would be so glad, but if you cannot you shall have an honorable release." So I found myself in London. On Sunday afternoon had attended the fast meeting in Clerkenwell (now Finsbury) Hall and returned to the office, 36 Penton Street, where I was occupying the little bedroom back of the dining-room. Several of the Saints accompanied us, remaining for tea. Among these was a young sister, who was rather reserved, and beyond the usual greeting, seemed to take no notice of anyone. Thinking perhaps she felt strange, I sat down beside her and engaged her in conversation. It was rather difficult at first, but soon she found she had enlisted my attention. She then confided to me that on the morrow she was to enter the hospital, where she was to undergo a surgical operation.

My sympathies were now all aroused and I said: "O, if we were only in Zion,

that you could go to the Temple and receive blessings there to sustain you, and that no harm might come to you from the use of the knife!"

She was silent, and as others entered, my thoughts for a while were directed from her. At tea she came and sat down beside me at the table, still silent. I noticed she took a piece of bread and butter on her plate which remained untasted. A weight of trouble was upon her; she could neither eat nor converse with others.

All at once she said: "Sister, can I not have a blessing here that the knife shall not harm me?" I did not know, but after tea asked the Elder who was presiding (the president was away) if it could be done. "Certainly, Sister Alder," he said, "you take her into your little room and bless her."

Her trouble was a growth on the under part of her foot, at the base of the great toe. It was about the size of an English walnut, and very hard. In order to save it she had walked in such a manner that it was feared her spine was affected.

We knelt in prayer. Let us face the east, I said, that the blessings of the temple, in far away Zion, may flow unto us here. Could we but have faith enough, I continued, this growth could be removed without the knife. So we humbly invoked the blessings of God. Solemn thoughts were present with us. I felt the weight of my calling and my heart swelled within me in my great desire that the longed-for blessing should come to this dear sister.

We were barely in time to go with the company to the hall for evening meeting. We sat together, but scarcely spoke, for many thoughts and varying emotions filled our hearts.

At the close of the meeting she threw her arms around my neck, telling me

how she loved me; how she wished she had known me before, and, what filled me with unutterable joy, that she now had no fear of the knife.

"But as soon as I am through," she said, "I want you to come to me. I want to see you first. Will you come? I will send you a ticket, so that you may come in." I promised her I would come. So with tears and promises we parted. She was one of the Welsh Saints, and had come to London for the operation. I waited for the promised ticket, always remembering her, until the next Sunday. Then her sister, who did not belong to the Church, came to the meeting. I anxiously inquired about her. "She has not undergone the operation yet," she answered, but I am to bring you the ticket as soon as she is through." A few more days passed by, still no ticket.

The latter part of the week, on returning late in the afternoon, I was informed that a sister was upstairs who wished to see me. I hastened up, when to my astonishment my young friend arose and walked to me, throwing her arms around me as before, and I holding her close, like unto a daughter. But your foot, I said, can you walk so soon? How did you stand it?

"I did not go through it," she replied. "You did not?" I said. "I wondered the ticket did not come."

Then she told me all about it. On the Monday she went to the hospital. The next day the doctors examined her foot, pressing the growth with their thumbs, asking her if it hurt her. "No," she said. This was repeated each morning, and each time the lump was softer and flatter, until it entirely disappeared. O, the joy we felt! Then she told me of her life, her mother whom she loved, not in the Church; her dream of some day coming to Zion and her desire for the companionship of the Saints.

Again we retired to the little room, but this time in thanksgiving to God for His goodness in sparing her the dreaded operation and restoring her to soundness and health. Then prayed for her way to be opened up that she might gather with the Saints in Zion, dedicating our lives to Him and His cause on the earth.

She returned to Wales and I to my labor. That Sunday night in Clerkenwell, when she clasped me around my neck with assurances of love and faith, all fear for my loved ones at home was taken from me. My heart was full to overflowing with gratitude to my heavenly Father that by His mercy I had won the heart and confidence of this dear young sister.

Then when she was healed, the doctors wisely shaking their heads, understanding not the power by which it was accomplished, I felt so unworthy of the blessing, yet the determination crowded itself upon me that if God would use me in that land, I would not return; it was my plain duty to remain. I was transferred to a new field of labor, where there was much bitterness and opposition; where some time before the Elders had been mobbed and stoned, and where they were even now hooted on the streets for their faith; where the great apostate Jarman had exhibited those dreadful pictures of the butchery of women in Utah, and had paraded in the market place dressed in apparel that should have been sacred. My heart had been uplifted, my testimony strengthened and I was possessed of the spirit to defend my faith, my brothers and sisters, the Gospel as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, bearing witness to all men of its truth, its benefits and blessings, calling upon them to repent and receive it. My children at home were raised up to health and strength

through the same divine power. In the city I met the ministers who had looked on at the mobbing and stoning; bore my testimony to them, and explained the principles of the Gospel at the doors and in the homes of hundreds of people. These same ministers told me I should not be allowed to go around with such damnable doctrine; that I should be restrained. But I was not, and labored there until the branch was closed up, save that Elders, eight miles away, would visit the Saints and hold meetings.

Friends were raised up to me, as I had been promised. Yet I had some trying experiences to undergo, which kept me close to God, ever dependent upon Him.

My young friend is now in Utah rejoicing in the possession of the Spirit of God and the association of the Saints.

The thoughts of those days bring some of the happiest moments of my missionary life to my mind.

I had seen other miracles performed.

One not in the Church I had seen raised when she apparently lay dying with consumption, and the vision of the blind restored through fasting and prayer. In that bitter field one had received me, and accepted the Gospel who had never heard of it before, a kind, sweet gentle woman. Her husband also believed.

O, had I turned back when those days of sore trial came to me, none of these blessings, with many others, had been mine. It could not have been said to me, "Well done, good and faithful servant," nor the joy been mine, that it could be said of me, "She hath done what she could," nor would the miracle herein narrated ever have been made manifest through the channel mentioned. Satan, the adversary of souls is wary, ever on the alert to trip us up. Yet God is more powerful, turns the darkest day into floods of sunshine for those who love Him and keep His commandments.

Lydia D. Alder.



NAMU, THE MAORI SAINT.

UP the Waikato, whether by steamer, boat or waka, is always a pleasure to tourists or residents of New Zealand. The Waikato is one of the most interesting rivers in Maoridom. Along its banks may be seen the most luxuriant foliage. The giant Rimu and Totara intertwined with clinging "supple-jacks" and numerous other vines, and interspersed with many varieties of ferns, shrubs and grasses, form one of nature's most beautiful pictures. Here and there are clearings

where Maori "pas" are established and many spots of historic renown are pointed out to the admiring tourist. Some time ago the writer crossed the beautiful Waikato near the rapids. Approaching the river from the north, the travelers on horseback rode to an eminence and perceived a Maori village or pa, in the distance, on the opposite bank of the river. After much shouting and signaling they were seen by the natives and soon a Maori was observed on the opposite bank who directed the travelers

to the crossing where he could meet them with his canoe.

The native waka is a long, slim canoe cut out from the trunk of the tree, and is about two feet wide and fifteen feet long, and is so narrow that there is only room for one person to sit on each seat. The waka is propelled with a short paddle, which the natives use quite dexterously. Maori maidens delight to sport on the river in their "wakas." They

By this time the Maori had loosed his waka and was paddling up the stream near the opposite bank. After going up the river some distance the Maori suddenly forced his frail craft into the middle of the stream where it was caught by the eddying current and dashed rapidly down stream.

The occupant used his single oar or paddle so dexterously that as the canoe approached the crossing it was skilfully



SCENE ON THE WAIKATO RIVER: MAORI GIRLS IN CANOES RESTING FROM PADDLING.

are experts in managing them and can guide them as dexterously as can their fathers or brothers.

Upon nearing the banks the visitors were appalled at the thought of crossing such a turbulent stream, and remembering the treacherous character of the river, they watched with much interest the movements of their friend who was to pilot them across in a "waka." After unsaddling their horses they prepared for the ordeal.

turned toward the bank and was ready to convey a passenger.

With a shudder the visitors in turn were safely paddled across and were welcomed by the hospitable natives of the village. Ah! the stories that can be told by Elders of experiences in the Waikato district!

It is claimed by some that the first native members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were baptized in the waters of the Waikato.

Among the numerous Maori villages along the river banks is Taupire. One of the most hospitable homes in the village is that of Paul and Raka Aubrey; both of whom are half-castes and good Latter-day Saints.

Their dwelling house would be a credit to a European town. Paul can speak English well and is often employed in the land courts, while his wife, Raka, is

will arise and bear testimony, quoting numerous passages of scripture, showing their familiarity with the principles of the Gospel. Oh! how often while listening to the simple words of such little maidens have Elders offered silent prayers that God would shield and preserve them from evil.

Often their homes are rude native huts and the girls engage with their



MAORI WOMAN WEAVING A FLAX ROPE AT THE NATIVE VILLAGE, KAWHIA.

regarded as a skilled lawyer in Maori cases.

A conference in the Waikato or adjoining districts is not complete without the Aubreys and their faithful, testimonies have often strengthened and blessed others.

These native conferences or "huis" are truly soul-inspiring, and often when hundreds of the Latter-day Saints are assembled in testimony meetings, young girls from eight and ten years of age

mothers in dressing flax, weaving flax ropes, making mats, etc.

Namu, the young daughter of Paul Aubrey was blessed with many advantages in her youth, and when almost a child, would bear a faithful testimony to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

She was an intelligent, happy girl, and as she advanced in years, she developed rare traits of character and endeared herself to Maoris, Europeans and Elders.

In 1899 Namu was budding into beautiful womanhood and anticipated ere long leaving for Zion. Alas! for blighted hopes. Suddenly she was taken sick and her fond parents at once called for the servants of God to administer to her.

Elder Rufus K. Hardy of Salt Lake City, was laboring in the Waikato at this time.

Namu was visited and comforted reg-



NAMU AUBREY.

knowing the purpose of the Elders' visits, they would draw a screen around the bed while the sacred ordinance was performed.

Even in sickness her life was a testimony to all who knew her.

Ah! tho' only a Maori and by some regarded as an ignorant "Mormon," she was the only one in the women's ward to kneel night and morning, thanking God for all his mercies.

Truly so-called Christians could learn true Christianity from Namu in the hour of her affliction.

In the month of October, Paul Aubrey was summoned by wire to the bed-side of his beloved daughter. She was passing away. In the evening he returned to the branch of the Church at Taupire, and asked the Elders and Saints to pray for Namu as she was not expected to live till morning. All fasted and prayed, and the following day the weak frail girl was able to return home.

Elder R. K. Hardy describes the last scene as follows:

"October 20—I went to relieve Paul—the poor worn-out father, as Namu's mother was away from home. I had watched the girl anxiously for months as her father had long desired that she should accompany me to Zion.

"The last night I sat by her bedside till three o'clock, and she smiled happily as we conversed together, but I perceived she was growing weaker almost every moment. She was indeed a lovely girl. Soon after three o'clock she took me by the hand and said, 'Brother Hardy, if God wants me to go, I am willing.'

"I knew she would not last long and that God did want her or her faith would have saved her long ago.

"Leaving her room for a short time, I sat down to read and shortly afterwards Paul Aubrey called me and asked that

ularly as some thoughtless ones had informed her that she could not recover.

Finally her parents permitted her to be moved to the hospital at Hamilton, a European town about twenty-five miles from the Maori village of Taupire. She was carefully tended in the hospital, but gradually declined. The Elders visited her, as Namu constantly desired the ministrations of the Priesthood.

The nurses were exceedingly kind and

we pray that the loved one might be allowed to depart."

Going into the presence of the dying one, the heart-broken father and the grief-stricken Elder knelt and prayed that the Lord would relieve the sufferer and permit her to die in peace. As the fervent "Amen" was uttered Namu looked at them, closed her eyes and slept—the sleep of death.

Brothers and sisters had been summoned, and soon the Maoris' characteristic death wail was heard throughout the village. Namu was gone. Her testimony, however, lived after her. Her European friends mourned their loss and requested special services con-

ducted in English that they too might learn of Namu's faith.

Lady friends volunteered their services as singers and thus was the opportunity furnished for the Elders of Israel to bear witness to the principles of the Gospel which were ever so dear to the young Maori Saint.

The glorious doctrines of pre-existence of spirits and resurrection from the dead were clearly explained, and Namu's influence was felt in the hearts of many who mourned her departure.

Who shall say what the result of this faithful girl's testimony shall be? Truly, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord * * * for their works do follow them."



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

WHO WERE THE ANGELS WHO VISITED LOT?



QUESTION: Were the two angels who visited Lot, before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, resurrected beings, or did they have bodies, seeing that they washed their feet and did eat with Abraham?

Answer: They were not resurrected beings, as Christ was the first fruits of the resurrection, and the coming of these angels was long before the crucifixion, death and resurrection of the Savior. The revision of the Holy Scriptures made by the Prophet Joseph Smith, clearly states that these angels were "holy men," Abraham calls them "My brethren." Again, it is stated, "And

the angels which were *holy men*, and were sent forth after the order of God, turned their faces from thence and went toward Sodom." In the next chapter we read: "But the angels of God, which were *holy men*, put forth their hands and pulled Lot into the house, and shut the door." As the Prophet Joseph repeatedly taught that no angels are sent to minister to man on this earth except those who belong to it, or have dwelt upon it, and as we know that Moses, Elijah, John the Revelator, and other servants of God who never passed through death, but were translated, have visited this earth and ministered to mankind as in the case of the Transfiguration of Jesus, and in the be-

stowal of the Melchisedek Priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver, we think that we do not go beyond the limits of probability in suggesting that these angels were men bearing the Holy Priesthood

who had been translated, possibly they came from the Zion of Enoch, who, with all his people, was taken up into the bosom of God before the days of the Noachian deluge.



THE FINCARO'S CHILDREN.

IT would be an error, even though the truth, to say that San Felipe belongs to Jose and little Izabel. Don Ramon may bequeath it to Jose, and the servants may worship Izabel, and treat her as a princss royal, nevertheless, the children are bound by the inexorable laws of custom no less than are the *mozos* that serve them. To break, even in the slightest manner, the social rules that have been handed down from the days of the Spanish regime would mean ostracism for the parents, forfeiture of all hereditary rights, and probable banishment from the finca for either of the children.

Some days before the birth of Don Ramon's children, a woman of the Quiches, well versed in the native theory and practice of medicine, had become an inmate of San Felipe. She was not ignorant of strange incantations and charms that had been used by her people long before the days of Alvarado. When her knowledge of materia medica failed, her sorceries could always bring about desired results, and, regardless of the maledictions of the church, Don Ramon was not above employing a dealer in magic and witchcraft whenever it served his purpose. In such a case as this the native women were far preferable to foreign doctors, or even

the licentiates of the Guatemala Medical College.

When the child was born, the nurse washed it, muttered incantations over it, dressed it, and then sent for the padre, if so holy a man could be found without too much exertion. The mother manifested but little interest in the waif, save to perform her regular maternal duty; and the father, except in the case of his oldest son, was even more heartless than the mother. After the Indian woman left the children, they were entrusted to the care of the house servants, by whom they were petted or threatened and from whom they learned, almost before they were able to talk, vices that will curse their entire after life. To this fact, to a great extent, is due the physical, mental, and moral degeneracy of the Spanish-American race of today. It seems passing strange to those who think, that parents should not try to lift their own children out of the abysses into which they themselves have unwittingly fallen. But the parents do not care, the priests do not care, nobody cares, and so the poor children are born to a legacy of weakness of body, feebleness of mind, rickets, scrofula, consumption, and almost every other ailment that flesh is heir to. Even though to all appearances they are physically

healthy, yet they display a lack of moral stamina that surprises an Anglo-Saxon.

By and by the youngsters are able to toddle around and become practically independent of the servants, who should attend to them. Half clad, they wallow in the puddles with the pigs or in the hot sand with the flea-infested dogs. Their principal amusement is to tyrannize over children, who, from every standpoint save that of the aristocratic plane, are their superiors. Only for a few hours on Sunday or when there are distinguished guests at the finca, is there any attempt at cleanliness or good manners. When night comes, the boy and girl, dirty as they are, lie down on a *cama* on the floor, or, which is more probable, climb into one hammock and sleep until breakfast time. Such is the life until the age of seven: There is no attempt at instruction, even of an elementary nature, and the greatest lessons are found in the precept and example of ignorant and immoral servants.

A change comes, Jose will now spend a portion of each day in riding about the finca with his father. Izabel will spend an hour or two in her mother's society. Both will receive limited instruction from the padre. This padre may be a comparatively ignorant and superlatively immoral man, but the caste law forbids the fincaro's children from going to any public school, although the national government provides fair instruction at the nearest department capital. Of late years some of the more progressive fincaros employ German, English, or American tutors and governesses, with results that surprise even the unintellectual native. Still the average Mexican and Central American is loath to countenance any innovation of this kind.

Jose learns to read, cipher, to curse

mosos, and to beat them if necessary. He learns to smoke, to drink, to dress gaudily, and, in his way, to be very polite to ladies. He learns that religion is a very good thing for women, children, old men, and servants, but, also, that it is something about which no gentleman should trouble himself as long as he has strength to attend to other affairs. Incidentally he picks up some pointers concerning cattle, sugar, corn, tobacco, and the management of an estate. He is promised that, when he is sixteen, he can go the Medical College, the Law School, or the Military Academy at Guatemala, and after he returns from one or the other of these institutions, he will be expected to marry and to lead the same kind of life that his father has led before him.

Izabel's education is of a different kind. She learns her missal and catechism. The mother teaches her how to do fancy work. She learns to dance and to roll cigarettes. She is taught that marriage is a necessity, and the sooner she marries after she is fourteen years old the better it will be for all concerned. She learns that marriage is not a peculiarly sacred institution, it is rather a condition of life where one is given freedom to carry out her own inclinations, be they good or bad. With all this learning she gets no knowledge of housewifery, no knowledge of the duties that should come to her as a wife and mother. The duties of the household are to be performed by servants, the others are to be avoided so far as possible, or to be learned only when necessity demands. By the time Izabel can read the prayer book in Spanish she is ready for another sort of literature, and this her mother is able to supply. It consists of old novels, French and Spanish—novels that have been in the possession of the family for

generations; novels so prurient, so grossly immoral, that an American would make a bonfire of the whole lot. From these the poor child gets a false idea of life, and from their sentiments she too often guides her own conduct. As a result, she is to be pitied rather than blamed.

So a few years go by. Jose having approved himself in the eyes of his father, goes to the capital and leads a gay life. He gambles and flirts, but never troubles himself about his studies. He would not associate with a man who is learning an honest trade, nor with the prospective pedagogues at the normal school. These people, who have to work for a living, are altogether too low for his consideration. He attends all the races and theatres, cultivates the society of foreign bontiers and merchants; if lucky, gets a visiting card to the American club, and conscientiously uses up (more plainly "blows in") every *peso* that his indulgent parent sends him. School days are over, he may enjoy a brief time in Mexico, the States, Old Castile or Germany. At all events, he will return to the finca self-opinionated and looking out for the most convenient heiress whom he can charm with his conceit. Still there will be no division of the estate, and, until Don Ramon dies, Jose is dependent upon the allowance of his father. Very naturally, until Jose succeeds to the title and rules in his own right, he spends but little time at home, preferring the high life of some city. In due time, when he does settle down, he becomes a pharisee of the pharisees. He loves the old style and all that pertains to it, and over his coffee and cigarettes he curses modern machinery and liberal government just as he cursed the *mozos* in childhood days. He rides hard, and lives fast. One day, before the forty mark is reached, he realizes that he is beginning

to be an old man. He fights the impression until he can fight it no longer. Then he begins to think of the church, of the priest, of his wife and children, and lays plans for the end. To his faithful *mozos* he gives no thought. They are as the cattle that roam his hills—the mules that plow his hillsides. So Don Jose makes up his grand record, and a son, even less ambitious than he, makes preparations to step into the father's shoes.

What of Izabel? Proud as Lucifer, unstable as water, passionate yet uncontrolled, she approaches the epoch that separates childhood from womanhood. Of the bright girlhood that is so much in America, she knows absolutely nothing. Her studies are over. She continues to read novels, sleep, dance, play the guitar, and abuse the servants. She has no companions who are her social equals, and she cannot travel as did her brother. On every side she is hemmed in by the conventionalities of the middle ages. Is it any wonder that she dreams of some knight errant, of the day when marriage shall free her from the prisoner's lot to which she was born? One Sunday a young gallant from a neighboring finca comes to Don Ramon's. Izabel is but thirteen years of age. Nevertheless the visitor's intentions are obvious. He has not ridden thirty miles for nought. He devotes much time to Don Ramon, less to his wife, and least of all to Izabel. He comes the next Sunday, and the third. Each time he devotes more attention to the girl, and yet there is apparently so little to talk about—no theatres, no picnics, no new books. They have not even the privilege of taking a ride together. One can imagine that their conversation is made up of direct quotations from some old story of the age of chivalry.

When the suitor comes for the fourth

time there is a change. Izabel begins to roll his cigarettes for him. She lights them daintily and gives them to him to finish. It is an open declaration that he has found favor in her sight; that she is willing to roll cigarettes for him during the remainder of her natural life. Only the parents remain to be consulted, and had they not favored a match the young man would not have come to the *casa grande* a second time.

Fourteen years old and a bride! Izabel leaves her father's house, and the world before her seems very grand and beautiful. By and by her husband begins to tire of her, just as Jose tired of his bride. The maternal instinct, so far as devotion to her children goes, has never been awakened in her. Her children, who should preserve her from evil, will be brought up just as she was brought up. She thinks of the novels that her own mother gave her to read, and she drifts, without thinking of wrong, into a very fast and reckless life. When she is twenty, or at most twenty-five, the wrinkles begin to show and there are threads of gray among the black. She has daughters that need some attention, and furthermore, her lovers and confidential friends are deserting her. Youth has lost its charm. She sends for the priest, confesses her sins, receives absolution, and spends the

rest of her life between the hammock and the confessional, the novel and the prayer book. Of all women, she becomes the most devout, but she is ignorant of the fact that charity begins at home. She will give altar cloths to the chapel, while her own servants have to steal or starve. She will repeat *aves* and *credos* by the score, while sickness and death stalk through the huts just outside her gate. And so she awaits the end.

To me the life and education of the Spanish-American accounts almost entirely for the degeneration of the people of the southern republics. Let the training of Jose and Izabel repeat itself from generation to generation and the decay of the race is as certain as daylight. Darkest Africa and over-populated China do not today need missionary labor as does Central America. Honest toil must take the place of caste pride, the plow succeed the machete, virtue supplant vice, and reason dominate instinct. Then and then only can we look for the masterful races that conquered and settled to resume its proper place, and for the Spanish people to contend with the Saxon for the commercial and intellectual supremacy of a continent.

W. M. W.



PRESENT AND FUTURE.

This world is but our nursery,
And heaven our manhood stage;
This life is but our infancy,
Eternity our age;
And all earth's little griefs and joys
Like transient pains and idol toys,
Which childish thoughts engage.

A spark of an immortal fire,
The spirit glimmers here;
But in full splendor will aspire
In heaven's congenial sphere;
From passion, sin, and error free,
Strong in its immortality
Unshackled, free, and clear.

J. Edmeston.



TOMMY AND BOB.

TOMMY and Bob were brothers and of course constant companions. They would get up at the same time in the morning, and play the same games all day, and at night both were glad to go to bed. They entirely agreed with the poet who said:

Two little boys just double the fun.

Tommy was two years older than Bob, and took it upon himself to be the younger one's protector. And Bob was always lost in admiration at Tommy's great wisdom in all things which came up for their consideration.

They lived in a large, old fashioned house in the country, and an immense orchard was their favorite playground. They didn't know much about style, and usually wore clothing that had been made from some that their big brothers had outgrown. Nevertheless they were very comfortable, and the fun they had would make a very long story.

One day in the early summer they were gathering the pretty, wild violets that grew in the meadow near their home. The flowers were to be a surprise for mother's birthday on the morrow, and the bunch grew just as large as their little hands could hold before they felt sure they had enough. Under the shade of a large tree they tied them together with string which Tommy had in his big pocket. Then they found a hiding place in a small stream, where they

fastened them securely and started for home.

They had been so interested in their flower gathering that they had not noticed the dark clouds over their heads. Now their attention was arrested by a rumbling noise, and they knew a thunder storm was coming. Little Bob was terrified at the thought and commenced to cry. Tommy strove to be braver, and, putting his arm over his little brother's shoulder, he said:

"Bob, let's ask God to take care of us, and we will get home all right."

So Bob stopped crying and raised his eyes, repeating the little prayer that Tommy taught him. This made them feel much braver, and they went home as fast as they could run, reaching there in safety, before the violence of the storm had really come.

The next morning it was bright and clear, and they ran for their flowers. The sweet gift gave the mother untold pleasure. Then too they told her of their narrow escape from the storm, how they had prayed to God and He had made them feel brave. This added to the mother's happy thoughts, as she kissed them again and again, and said, "Bless my boys."

B.

DICK'S FLOWER.

The teacher asked, one soft spring day,
When slowly drag the study hours,
And healthy children long for play,
"My dears, what are your favorite flowers?"



BOB RAISED HIS EYES AND REPEATED THE PRAYER TOMMY TAUGHT HIM.

Said Marion slowly, "I suppose
My favorite flower is the rose,"
"Mine is the lily," answered Sue.
"I love," said Bess, "the violet blue."

"And I," laughed Jim, "the bollyhock."
But Dick replied, with roughish look,
Tossing aside his slate and book,
"Give me the four-o'clock."

Selected.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Interesting Letters From England.

22 FARCLIFFE RD., TOLLER LANE,
BRADFORD, ENGLAND, May 10, 1902.
To the Editor of the Juvenile Instructor.

DEAR BROTHER.—On various occasions I have used the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in a Sunday School class here in Bradford.

The little children seem delighted with the simple stories contained therein; particularly are they interested in the letters written by our boys and girls at home. A number of them asked me if they too could write to the Letter-box. The thought appealed to me as being a happy one, and also quite proper. I told them this privilege of writing to the Letter-box, was not only extended to the Utah children, but every little Mormon boy and girl the wide world over had the same opportunity, and I knew that their friends in Zion would be delighted to hear from the little brothers and sisters in far away England. So I send you a number of their letters, hoping you may find space for at least some of them. Will you please send to us two or three copies of the journal in which they appear, should you consider them suitable for publication.

Our Sunday School has been lately reorganized with local brethren and sisters as officers and teachers. There are about fifty members enrolled at present, twenty of whom are children. There

are three separate classes,—the theological, intermediate and primary.

This organization is an important factor in our labors. We are pleased to say that much good is being done in this line, and that all concerned are deeply interested in the principles of the Gospel. Our little class of English boys and girls is a source of great pleasure to us lady missionaries. We not only find the children apt and bright, but likewise, have they manifested an interest and love for the simple truths we teach them. We are happy in our labors and are anxious to instill into the hearts of these dear little Latter-day Saints principles of truth and righteousness, that they may grow up to be noble men and women in the sight of the Lord.

Your sister in the cause of truth,

MARGARET THURMAN.

The four following letters are all from Sister Thurman's Sabbath School children.

LAISTERDYKE, BRADFORD,
YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR LITTLE UTAH FRIENDS:—I would like to see you. I was baptized when I was nine, now I am ten. I go to the Latter-day Saints Sunday School and I like it very well. We have two lady missionaries, and we love them very much. They tell us about the American children.

Yours in the Gospel,

EDITH FEARNLEY.

I write to tell you that I have not been baptized, because I am only four years old. I go to the Latter-day Saints Sunday School in Bradford.

Your dear friend,

FRED FEARNLEY.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I want to tell you

that I am an English Latter-day Saint, and I go to the Sunday School in Bradford. We have to go about two miles before we get there.

Yours truly,

ROSE AMY FEARNLEY,
Age 8 years.



DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—I wish to tell you that I am an English Mormon. There are three brothers and five sisters of us. I am now eleven years of age and am in standard five. We are to have a holiday on June 28th for the coronation of our King, Edward VII.

Your loving friend,

LILY FEARNLEY.



Reads the Little Letters.

NORTH OGDEN, UTAH.

I go to school, Sunday School and Primary and I like all my teachers. I have a little brother, Raymond, and a little sister, Estella. My mama reads the little letters to me from the JUVENILE, and I like to hear them. I wonder if I will see mine in the JUVENILE? I am six years old. Love to all.

MARVA SPACKMAN.



Visited the Temple.

SAFFORD, ARIZONA.

I take much interest in reading the little letters in the JUVENILE. We went on the train last summer to Salt Lake City. We went to the Temple and went in nearly every room. It was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in my life. I send much love to you all.

Your new friend,

FLOSSIE EVANS.

Age 8 years.



Poor Mama.

PAROWAN, UTAH.

I am a little girl six years old. My

mama is sick most of the time. I went to school last winter and I will go to the second grade next winter. I have a brother fourteen years old and a sister twelve. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary.

LA VERNE ORTON.



Fasting and Prayer.

VERMILLION, UTAH.

I am a Mormon girl fourteen years old. I have four brothers and we live on a farm. There is a little girl here who was very sick; the Primary fasted and prayed for her and she soon improved and is much better.

Your friend,

JENNIE COLBY.



As the Sun Went Down.

MONROE, SEVIER CO., UTAH.

I stood by a stream of water,
As the sun was going down,
And everything looked beautiful,
All around the town.
The shadows of evening were falling,
On the mountains steep;
While I stood by a stream of water,
And everything seemed sweet.

I was nine years old when I composed this verse but I am ten now.

FLOY LARSEN.



Baptized in Logan Temple.

COLLINSTON, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH.

I am a little girl eight years old. I was baptised in the Logan Temple on my birthday. I go to Sunday School and Primary. I went to day school all last winter and had no absent or tardy marks. I am a little reader of the JUVENILE.

FLORA WATKINS.

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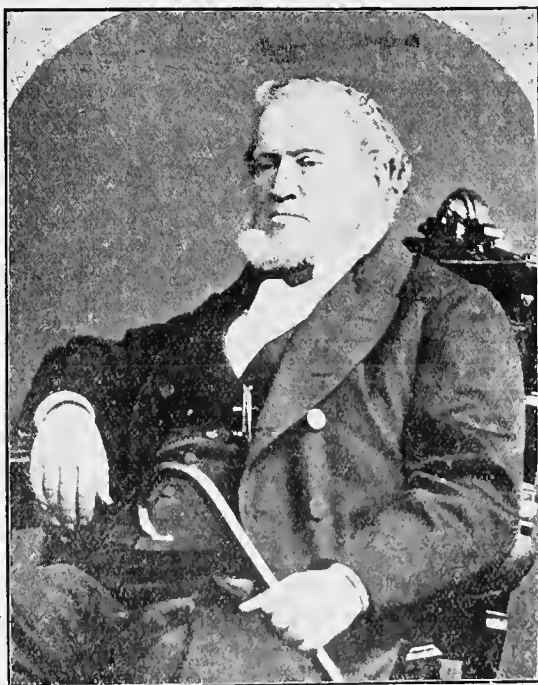
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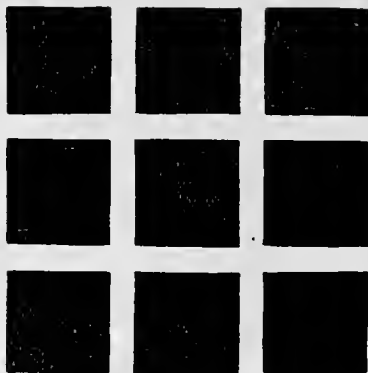
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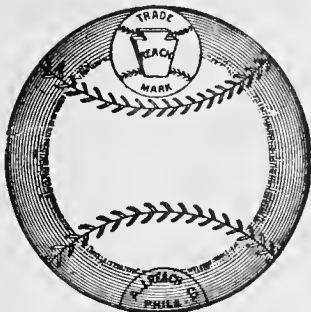
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